

PART ONE

Marry your high school sweetheart, join the military, see the world as one of The Few, The Proud. Have a kid, move every 6 months. Being a military brat stunk.

I was conceived in Ohio, born in Germany, and raised on every point of the globe. Dad was always being shipped somewhere else. As soon as we had adjusted to our latest surroundings, it was time to pack and relocate. The strain wore on Mom and me more than anyone. I had few friends -- what was the point in making them? For her, it was the same. Mom and I turned to one another for friendship.

We were living in Osaka, Japan when I came home from school one day to see Dad sitting in the kitchen. Several of the neighbors and some military personnel were with him. I walked into the kitchen, and the conversation stilled. Dad looked up, becoming aware of my presence. He turned his head to look at me, his face somewhat ashen, eyes red.

"What's wrong? Where's mom?" I asked in a hushed voice, already knowing something horrible had happened. "Dad?"

He looked at me to speak, his eyes shifting to the floor. Something was wrong, very wrong. My dad was a brute: 5'10, 170 pounds of solid mass from his years of military training. His forearms were about the size of my calves.

Something was seriously wrong to make this man of iron will break down. I ran from the room, down the hallway to my bedroom. She was gone. I knew she was dead without hearing the words.

Several minutes later, there was a knock at my door and Dad came in, walking over to my bed and sitting down next to me, rubbing my back while I sobbed into my pillow.

"Heath, please don't cry. It's gonna be okay. We're gonna get through this," his voice quivered, "We have to be strong, understand?"

"Wha-wha-what happened to her?" I sobbed.

"There was an accident today. Your mom was driving back to the base. Some truck tried to cross the road in front of her and stalled or something. She didn't see it in time, I guess. The car plowed into bed of the truck. It was over in an instant. She didn't even feel it." He paused a long moment before speaking again, "I'm sorry, son. I'm so sorry." He began to cry, the only time in my life I'd ever seen him shed a tear. I rolled onto my back and sat up on the bed as he wrapped his arms around me and hugged me. Together we cried.

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Dad transferred off the island back to the States so I could be closer to family. He had always been uncomfortable around me, not knowing what to say, as he didn't really know me that well. The military consumed his life. His family had always been secondary. He had always loved us, we knew that, but he didn't show it very often and said it even less, the older I grew. I was 17, and since I had become a teenager, he had spoken the words "I love you" fewer than a handful of times that I could remember. Part of being a Marine, I often thought.

In some ways, Dad became weaker after the funeral. Maybe he realized that he had two roles to play now that Mom wasn't with us. Perhaps it was just the pain that ate away at his steely structure, her death the rust destroying him. He began to drink, too, something I'd never seen; nothing excessive, just an occasional drink or beer late at night.

On the first anniversary of Mom's death, I sat alone at home. Dad hadn't come back from the base yet, which was odd. He was never this late. It was nearly midnight. As I lay in the dark on the couch I heard the door unlock. He was finally home. I could see his silhouette against the door. I didn't say anything, too consumed in thought. He hadn't seen me. He ran his hand through his fine black hair and unbuttoned his shirt as he walked into the kitchen. He turned on the light and reached into the fridge for a beer. He looked kind of out of it, weaving ever so mildly as he moved. I realized he had probably been thinking all day about the same things I was thinking, and to forget, he'd gotten blitzed.

He uncapped the beer and sat in on the countertop, then untucked his shirt, completely unbuttoning it. It hung spread from his broad shoulders. His body was nice; I often wished I had the same. I was about the same height as Dad, but smaller framed. I had nice muscle tone, but not as good as his. He'd had spent more time working out in his 35 years than I had in my 17. His chest was tight and covered in a down of dark, straight hair. I was still relatively smooth, except for a patch of golden hair in the center of my chest, which grew downward to my navel.

His right hand held his beer as his left hand crossed his chest. He stroked his right pec, eyes closed. I lay motionless on the couch, wondering if I had the potential to be as rough and rugged-looking as my dad. His hand disappeared from his chest and appeared to be cupping his dick. I couldn't tell, the counter blocked most of my view, but as soon as his shoulder started rising and falling, I knew. My own dick started to stir. This was too weird. I was getting turned on watching my old man.



He continued palming his crotch. After awhile, he stopped and set down the empty beer bottle, shifting so I could see a little more. I could see his hands fumbling with his zipper; his brass belt buckle clunked. He popped the button on his pants and reached his hand inside. My cock was pumped, trapped in my jeans. I didn't say anything, remaining motionless. The muscles in Dad's arm flexed, his shoulders didn't move. He was stroking his cock. He looked down. With his other hand he appeared to be sliding the band of his briefs under his nuts so his cock could be displayed. This was wrong. This was so wrong. What was I doing?

I quietly unfastened my jeans and pulled my cock out. Precum dripped from the head onto my abdomen. I gripped my dick, slowly gliding my hand down the shaft. I wondered if it was as big as my dad's. I knew I had a big dick. The guys in phys. ed. used to joke about it, calling me *Apollo*, like the rocket, but I never

thought much about its size. It was just a dick. Had I inherited it from the guy in the kitchen who was now jacking off in front of me? What did *his* cock look like? I'd never seen it.

Dad's eyes were closed. My eyes followed his body from his square, five o'clock shadowed jaw down to his chiseled pecs further down his abs until the counter blocked my vision. His right hand jacked his cock faster and faster. His mouth opened slightly, a look of satisfaction on his face, his left hand again hidden beneath the fabric of his shirt. It ran roughly over his tit. It looked like he was pinching it. I could hear him moan ever so slightly.

I swallowed from nervousness and stroked my cock faster, harder. I closed my eyes. The muscles in my legs twitched as they tightened from pleasure and the fear of being busted by the Marine I was watching jack off in the next room. I ran my tongue over my lips, moistening them with my saliva. It felt so good. I sucked my lower lip into my mouth and clenched it between my teeth, lightly biting it.

My sense of hearing was increased with my eyes shut. I could hear, or thought I could, my Dad's breathing becoming rapid and more shallow. I pictured his strong hands stroking his huge cock, nestled in a thick patch of hair. He stroked downward toward the floor, the swollen head of his Marine meat disappearing into his hand. He jacked off the same way I did, I imagined. I could see his cock from his vantage point. Staring down the valley of his muscular chest, across the rippled plains of his gut, down to sinewy apex of the 'V' that led right to his rigid shaft and heavy nuts.

My chest rose and fell faster and faster. Gripping my cock as hard as I could I pounded it furiously. I heard my old man start to moan, "Ahhh, ahhh...fuck yeah...oh yeah," before he released a growl that started deep in his throat.

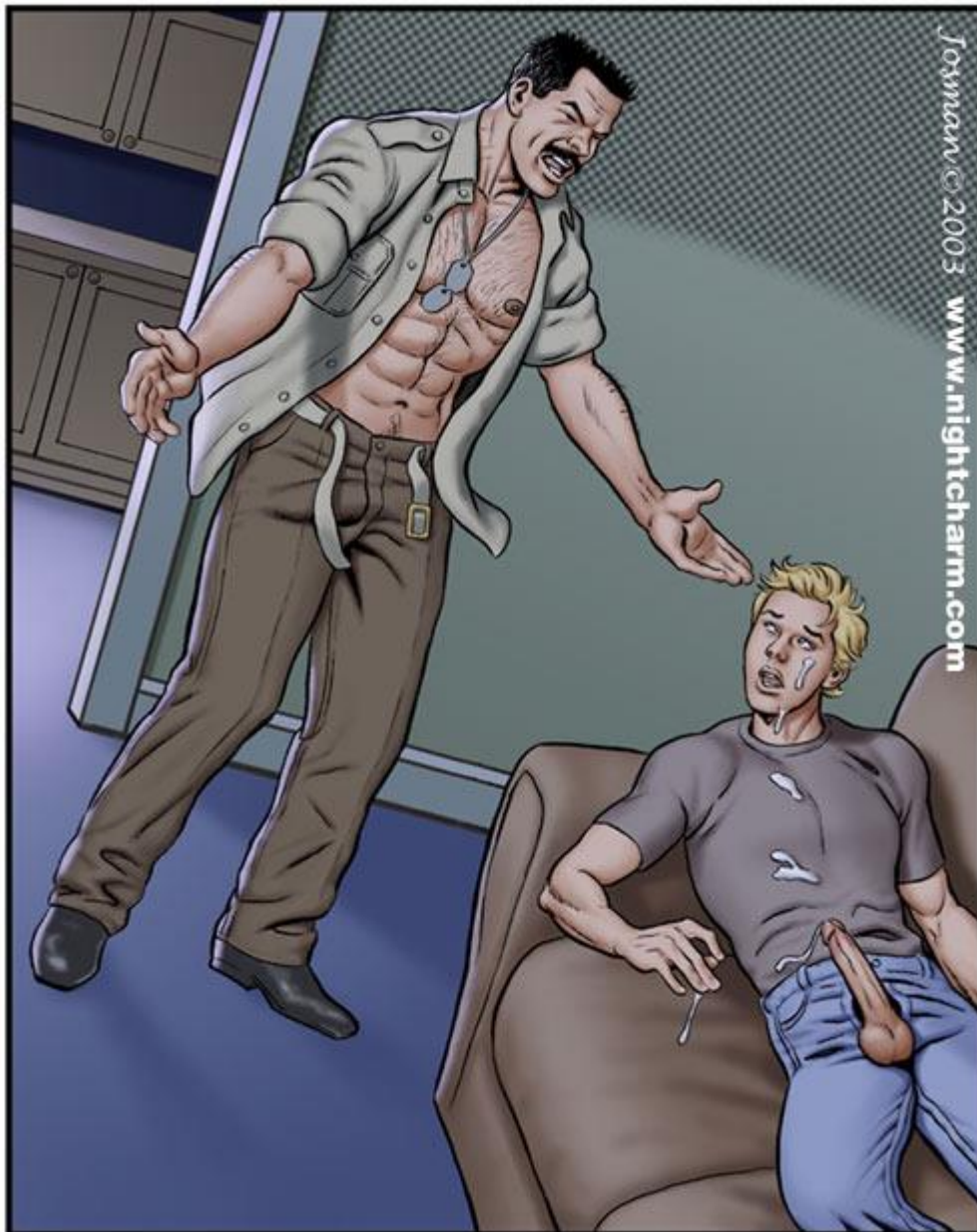
The sounds from the kitchen were too much. I gasped for air as I moaned, picturing my dad shooting his cum all over the floor of the kitchen, blast after blast of his thick jizz bursting from his swollen dick. My legs began to quiver. My head was pushed back into the arm of the sofa, my throat thrust high into the darkness of the room. My nipples hardened. My cock swelled as I thrust it into my hand one final time.

"Ohhhh, God. Nnnnnngggghhh," I tried to whisper. My hips rose from the cushions as I shot my load into the air. The first drops landed on my face, beneath my eyes and across my lips. Again and again the cum pumped from dick. I opened my eyes. I heard rustling in the kitchen.

"Oh, fuck. What the -- Christ, Heath!" Dad yelled from the kitchen.

I didn't know what to do. I couldn't exactly hide. My body was limp, my cock still clenched in my sticky hand.

He stormed from the kitchen, his shirt spread open as he walked over, exposing his torso to me. He was zipping his pants. The belt still hung on either side of the bulge in his pants.



"What the hell are you doing up?" he yelled, towering over me.

I started to cry. I gasped for words. He grabbed my arm and shook me.

"What were you -- Dammit! Dammit!" he shouted as he placed his hands on his head.

"I...I..." I was screwed.

"Shut up! Shut up! I don't wanna hear anything! Haul your ass upstairs, now! Understand?" he said. I could smell the liquor on his breath.

I threw myself off the couch, and stood before him eye to eye. It was awkward for both of us. My load trailed downward over my cheeks. I lifted my

arm to wipe the drops with the back of my hand. He looked furious. I shifted my gaze downward, stuffed my cock back into my Levi's and walked on trembling legs to my room.

In the dark, I lay on my back, my arms across my chest, stared at the ceiling and cried. *What was I thinking? What's he gonna do to me? He thinks I'm a damned queer. He's gonna call me a fag. He's never gonna talk to me.* I felt weak. I hated being weak. This, I had learned from my father.

PART TWO

I heard his footsteps on the stairs. I'd been waiting for this for about half an hour. My breathing stopped. *What now?* I wondered. *Is this when he beats the shit out of me for being a fag? But man, I'm not a fag. It just happened.* The sound of his heavy walk ceased just outside the door. My blood coursed through my veins. There was no knock, but I could hear his breathing. He walked down the hallway to his room. The door closed. I rolled onto my side. I could feel the wet spots on my shirt from where I'd cum.

Dad was gone the next morning when I woke up. He was always gone. I made it seem unusual, given the circumstances the night before, but it wasn't uncommon at all. I walked into the living room and looked at the scene of my sex crime: the sofa, the kitchen, his bottle of beer still sitting there. His bare chest, the flexing biceps, his mouth -- the images flashed through my mind. I grabbed my bags and headed to school.

I got home late that night. Dad was already eating when I walked in the door. I managed an awkward "Hi." There was no response. He sat at the table in faded jeans and an old, colored t-shirt. He was barefooted. He ate his dinner in silence, the only sound his knife as it sliced through his dinner and clanked against the plate. I warmed up my dinner in the microwave, then sat across from him at the table. He didn't look up. On his face was that same angry expression, masked with a little bit of shame.

"I'm sorry, Dad," I said after a very long silence. He lifted his head and gazed at me. His eyes were black as coal, his stare icy cold.

"I'm...really..."

"Don't," he said shortly, holding his hand up. "Never. Again," he said, jabbing at the air between us with the tines of his fork.

"Yes, Sir," I said. I dropped my silverware on the table and left the room.

Tensions between Dad and I were high for the next couple of days. I probably hated running into him as much as he hated seeing me. It was too uncomfortable for us to be in the same room. I jacked off thinking about him a few times, which was strange; I'd never thought about a guy when I'd jerked

off before, let alone my old man. I replayed it in my mind over and over as I stretched out on my bed stroking my cock.

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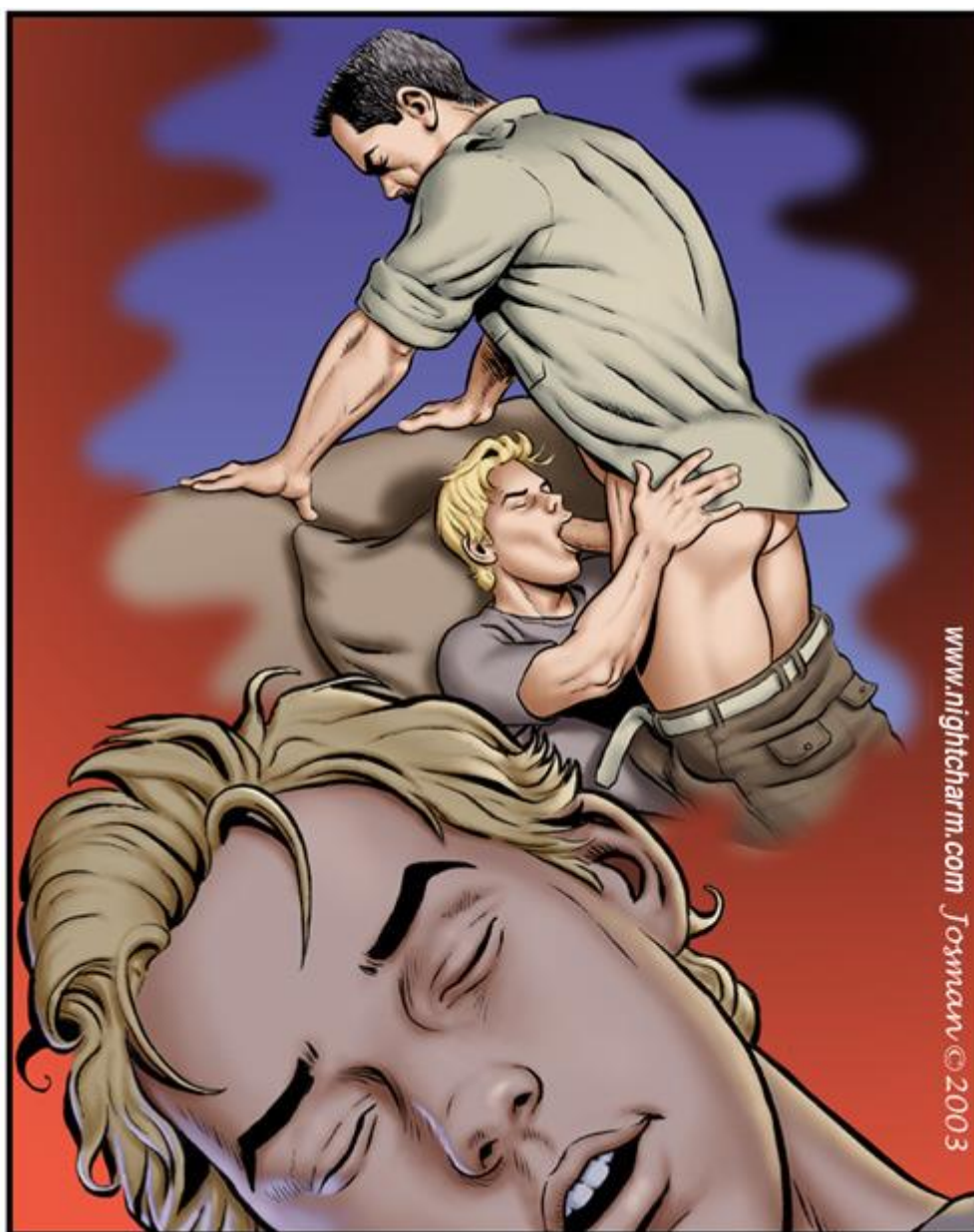
Sometimes it was exactly as it had played out that night -- him in the kitchen, me on the sofa. Other times it was different. I heard the door unlock. His silhouette was framed in the doorway. He ran his fingers through his dark hair. He went into the kitchen and unbuttoned his shirt, exposing his military-hard body to me. He massaged his chest, ran his hands up and down his muscular trunk. He reached his hands into his blues and massaged his cock, feeling it enlarge in his callused hands. He looked into the darkness and saw me lying on the sofa jacking myself off. My eyes were shut as I savored the feel of my precum coating the shaft of my cock with my hand. I had no idea he had seen me.

Quietly Dad walked across the carpet until he was towering over me behind the armrest. I became aware of a change in the atmosphere and opened my eyes to his thick fingers wrapped around his meaty cock, stroking it above my face. His left hand was on his hip as he thrust his pelvis over me

"Well, well, well. What have we got here? Looks like we've got a recruit who's feeling a little under the gun. Thinking of your girl, are you? Thinking of her lips wrapped around your cock, burying her face in your crotch until you blow a load of cum into her mouth? Or are you thinking about fucking a nice piece of ass? Somebody you saw in the showers on the base today? Nice piece of chiseled Marine ass? Ramming your big cock into that tight, dark hole. Your hands on his hips as he leans against the wall, smashing his cheek against the tile while you give him a fuck he'll never forget?"

His voice lowered to a whisper, "You want to feel good, son? You want to make us both feel good?" He moved around to the front of the couch. I turned my head, my eyes fixed on his cock and the glistening head. It was thick, matching his physique perfectly. This was a man's dick. It shot straight out from his body from between the open zipper of his pants. His briefs were under his hairy, low-hanging nuts, which bulged upward from the pressure of the elastic waistband.

He stroked his cock slowly. I looked up. I could see his square jaw, his piercing, dark eyes behind the blurred shape of his cock looming over me. He bent his knees, lowering his cock to my mouth. I didn't move. I was trying to comprehend what the hell was happening. He held his cock just above my lips and milked the precum from it. A string of it hung motionlessly over my mouth. I watched it as it lengthened, growing thin near the point where it escaped his cock. It broke and fell onto my bottom lip. I pulled my lip into my mouth and sucked it into my throat and again closed my eyes, savoring the taste.



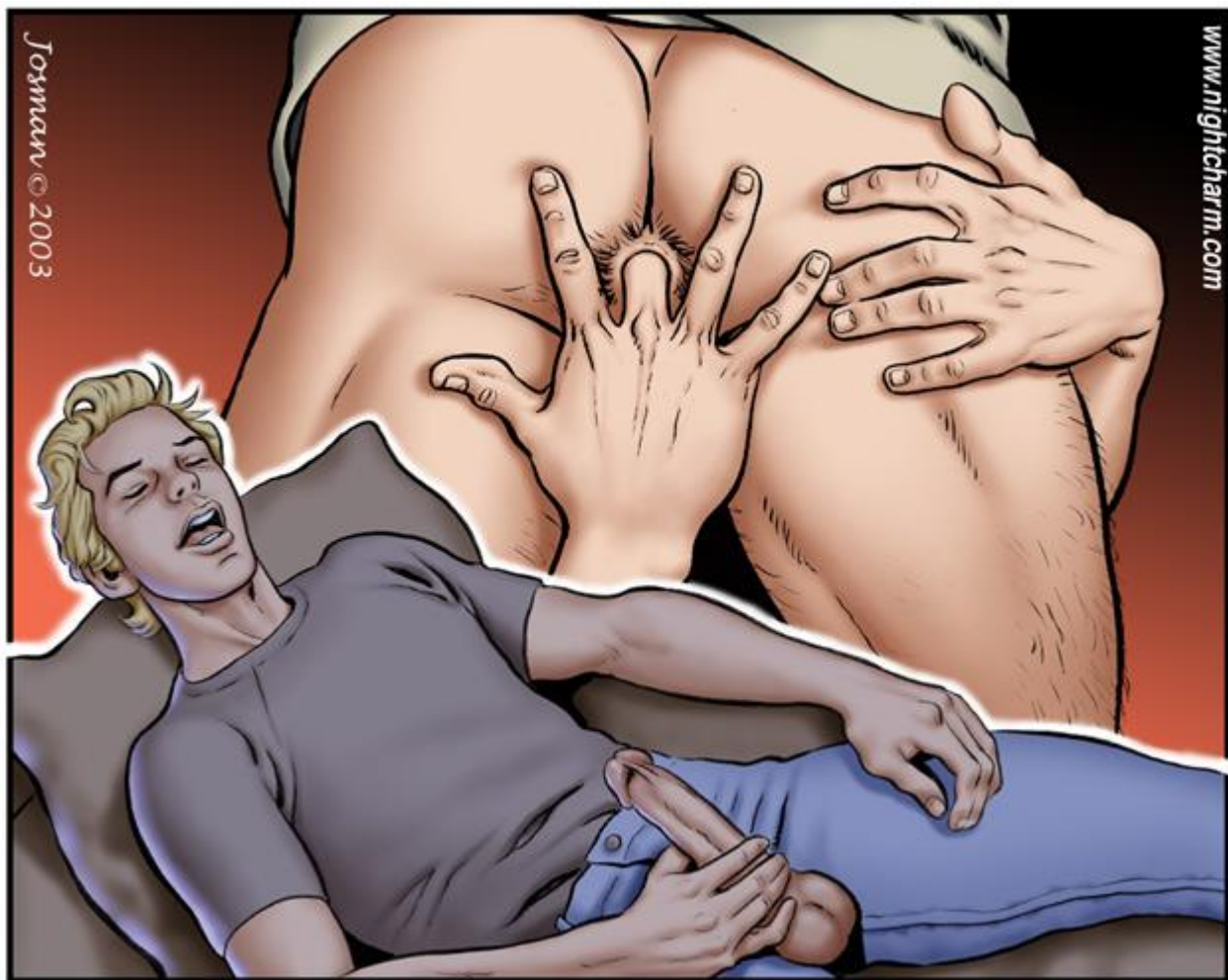
It was then that I felt the press of his flesh against my full lips. He glided the head of his wet cock back and forth across my lips. The scent of musk and sweat hung over me. I inhaled deeply. The pressure on my lips was gone. I opened my eyes to see him lift his dick slightly and then smack it across my cheek.

"Make us feel good, boy. Show me what kind of man you are," he gruffed. I opened my mouth and sought out his cock. It entered me as Dad let out a sigh, "Atta boy. Eat this Marine cock." Slowly I wrapped my lips around his shaft, the head just inside my mouth. I could taste everything I had smelled moments ago. He slowly pushed it forward, deeper into my mouth. His nuts rested on my chin, the better part of Dad's muscular cock being massaged by my tongue. His shirttails brushed my cheeks as he braced his weight on the back of the couch.

My hands on his thighs, I pushed him away from me and sat upright on the couch. He slid his pants and briefs further down his legs, standing with his legs apart. I was envious of the manliness he exuded.

He placed his right hand behind my blond head and pulled me back onto his dick. My tongue explored every side of it as he slid it back into me. I looked again at his face. He stared down at me. His free hand pinched his hairy tit. I bobbed again and again onto Dad's Marine pecker. My cock gushed precum. It spilled down the sides onto my balls. He did not speak. He observed. My lips were secured around his brown, veiny cock. He pulled it out until the tip was just outside my mouth before leaning back into me. Slowly his shaft disappeared into my flesh. He watched the progress with satisfaction, as each of the seven inches sought the warmth of my, his son's, throat.

I reached my hands behind him and placed them on his muscular ass. My fingers moved slowly around his butt, squeezing the muscle, feeling his flesh mesh with my hands. He sighed. My head surged forward until I could feel his abdomen against my forehead. An overwhelming feeling of fullness consumed me. My fingers followed the curvature of his stone-hard ass. It flexed at my touch. His flesh was cool in comparison to my hands. As I explored his ass I touched his downed, sweaty crevice. He bent slightly. My left hand remained on his ass cheek, but I reached my right between his legs. My hand ran lengthwise down the split of his ass. The further down my hand descended, the warmer and wetter his valley became. I could feel the tender flesh of his anus against my index finger. As I crossed this opening he shuddered slightly, a moan escaping from between his whiskered lips. So I did it again, retracing my last touch.



He shoved his dick harder into my mouth. I brought my right hand to my mouth, briefly interrupting the assaulting face-fuck. Before placing my fingertip in my mouth to wet it, I ran it under my nose. It smelled like a man should smell. My cock swelled even more. Saliva wrapped my fingertip as I again sought out Dad's ass. I located the sensitive opening and traced my finger lightly across it, soaking it with my spit. I rubbed around the opening in a circular motion, each time pressing a little harder. The Marine's breathing grew frantic. The grip on my head grew stronger.

His ass opened slowly with each stroke I made. Slowly I pressed upward and my finger slid inside the soldier's butt. It closed around my finger as I shoved it deep inside him. It was slick and warm. My finger was completely inside my father's asshole. I felt his dick spasm in my mouth. I probed into him, withdrew, then stuck it back into his tight ass. His breathing grew shallow. He clenched his ass muscles around my finger. I increased the speed of my finger-fuck. I thrust into him harder and harder. He held my neck firmly in his hands. His cock became warmer. He fucked my mouth with fury.

"That's it, Heath. Fuck my ass! Yes! Harder. Fuck my ass." His legs began to buckle. "Eat my cum, boy. Taste it. Swallow my fucking load." His muscles

clamped onto my finger. He flooded my mouth with his thick cum. It gushed down my throat and spilled out the corners of my mouth. My body tightened. My hand seized my cock. I pumped it wildly. As his cum dripped down my chin I moaned loudly. My legs muscles tightened.

"Come on, boy. Cum for me. Cum for me," he commanded. My load exploded from my cock, high into the air, splashing across my jaw and chest. Salvo after salvo erupted from my throbbing shaft. I was soaked in cum.

"That's it, man. Hot, fucking cum," said the figure looming over me, with an evil grin on his face. I collapsed backward on the couch as he shoved his cock back into his pants. He wiped his hand across his forehead where sweat had beaded.

My chest rose and fell. I could hear the blood surging in my head. My heartbeat pounded in my ears. My cock had grown hard as my thoughts had run wild. The sound of the front door closing brought me back to the real world. I pulled my shirt out of my jeans to cover my hardon.

"Hey, dad," I said, hoping he'd respond civilly.

"Hi, son," he said wearily. He looked tired.

"What's wrong? Everything okay?" I asked.

"It was just a long day. Too many things to think about. How are you doing?" Everything seemed to be normal for a change.

"Fine. Made the cut for the intramural soccer team."

"That's great. Congratulations." He smiled, slapping me on the shoulder. I grinned, pleased that we were on speaking terms again.

"Okay, why don't you fix dinner and I'll take a shower? Okay, buddy?" I went to the kitchen to see what there was to fix. There was a pack of pork chops in the freezer. I unwrapped the paper. They were frozen together. A knife, I needed a knife. Holding the chops in my hand I stuck the blade between the pieces. Suddenly, the meat shifted and the metal blade grazed the tip of my middle finger. I held it wrapped in my t-shirt.

"Damn!" I yelled, breathing in deeply and holding it, waiting to see how much blood there would be. There wasn't much -- it hurt more than it was actually injured. A few drops of blood stained my shirt. I needed a bandage. As I went upstairs, I took off my shirt. I needed to soak it before the stain set. Dad was in the shower. The bathroom door was open a crack.

"Hey, can I come in? I cut my finger. I gotta get a Band-Aid."

"Yeah, come on in," he yelled over the sound of the pounding water. The bandages were in the medicine chest. Before opening it, I looked in the mirror. Dad's body was reflected there, blurred by the opaque shower doors. The distinct outline of his hard body made my cock hard. His arm moved round and

round, lathering his body. He was soaping his cock. His hands moved vigorously over his crotch. The sounds of the water splashing over his body made my mind wander. I could hear him spitting the remaining beads off of his lips as turned off the faucet.

I ran my shirt under the cold water from the tap and threw it in the clothes basket. I was fumbling with the wrapping of the bandage when the shower door slid open. He reached, with wet, dark hair clinging against his big forearm, for a towel. There was none there.

"Heath, you still there? Grab me a towel, would ya?"

I handed him a towel from the closet. He stood before me naked. I tried not to look.



"Thanks, son," he smiled. He wiped the water from his eyes. I sneaked a look at his body. He looked good wet, his hair darker than normal. The water trickled down his skin. We did have the same dick, but Dad was uncut. And it looked bigger than mine. In fact, it looked a little hard, not a lot, just a little. Mine did the same when I washed my cock. The feeling of my hands soaping it up, jerking on it, made it plump up a little. My cock couldn't be any harder than it was. Suddenly I realized I didn't have my shirt on to conceal the bulge in my jeans.

PART THREE

Dad stood in the shower, the water slowly cascading down his arms in tiny rivulets. With an unsteady rhythm, the drops fell to the ground, forming a small puddle that spread aimlessly across the floor.

Time seemed suspended as I looked into my father's eyes. I waited. My body shivered inside. I felt my flesh tingle with the touch of Dad's hand on my shoulder. "Heath," my father said softly. He placed his hand beneath my chin, supporting it gently in his hands. "Heath?"

"Y-y-yeah?" I responded, focusing my gaze.

"Well?" he asked.

I tried to compose myself. I looked into the face just inches from my own. "Huh?"

"What are you waiting for? Man, I don't know where your mind goes sometimes, son. You were a million miles away just now. Get back down to the kitchen, kiddo. I'm starving." He slapped me on the shoulder. "Your finger okay?"

"Hmmm? Yeah, it's, uh, it's okay. Hurts a little. No big deal," I said, a bit confused.

The lieutenant put his hand on my head and quickly rubbed it around, mussing up my hair. Okay, now beat it. I'll be down in a little bit," he spoke, with a smile on his lips.



Banished to the kitchen, I grabbed up the knife. With one powerful, angry thrust I drove the blade between the solid frozen slices of white meat, sending one piece skittering across the counter before thumping into the wall.

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"I'm going for a jog, wanna come with?"

I looked over the top of the magazine I was reading. Dad was squatting near the front door tightening his shoelaces. "Nah, I'm meeting a couple of the guys to play soccer in a little bit."

"Okay, well, I'll see you later then. When'll you be back?"

"I dunno. It won't be too late."

"Alright. Well, lock up." He opened the door and stepped outside.

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It was 11:00 when I got home from the pick-up game. I was sweaty. My shirt, shorts and legs were splattered with dried mud; the rain earlier in the week had not yet dried on the practice fields. I put my cleats and gear in a corner and took off my shoes. The television was on. Dad was asleep on the couch.

"Must've been a long run," I said quietly to myself. I walked across the room to the end of the couch where he lay sprawled. His white tank top was balled on the floor, thrown over his running shoes. He wore only his black running shorts. The extended body was solid and muscular. I watched his chest lightly rise and fall with his breathing. His face was turned against the cushions, with one arm across his stomach, one over his head. Even while in this relaxed position, his muscles looked flexed. His armpit was slightly lighter colored than the rest of his skin. I noticed how his tan faded to a paler shade near the mound of hair under his arms.

I moved between the sofa and coffee table. I looked down, and saw the light from the TV behind me shine through the thin material of my soccer shorts, outlining the contour of my legs. Dark blond hairs shone against my thighs, contrasting with the caked mud. I shifted my gaze to my father. His left leg hung off the couch, the right in an angled position against the back cushions. His calves protruded from behind his shins, swelled from the night's earlier run. They were sparsely covered with the same dark hair that covered his chest and stomach. My eyes moved upward to the immense, cut thighs. The innermost part of his legs were thick with hair that grew denser as it approached his crotch. It reappeared above the top of his shorts from the 'V' of his stomach and rose up to his neck, stopping at the top of his sternum. His abdomen was flat and firm, symmetrically halved by a distinct deep furrow created in the muscles. His frame was solid and linear, except just above hips where it tapered in about half an inch, creating a perfect division between his body's upper and lower halves, before thickening again.



My thoughts flashed back to when I was younger and would go with Dad to the gym to watch him spar with other military personnel. His body looked much the same now as it did then. My cock grew warm. I reached inside my Umbros and pointed it up toward the waistband. It was more comfortable this way. I tilted my neck and looked up the opening of the Dad's running shorts. I could see the edge of the jock, which appeared full. The edge of the scrotum jutted out of the sagging pouch. I reached out my hand and lightly touched Dad's skin, wanting to feel the warmth of his body. I rested it lightly upon the outermost part of the thigh. There was no reaction from the body below me. With a

steady movement, I slid my hand further in, following the path of curly hair that led to the thick cock I had seen displayed earlier that evening.

My heart raced as I waited for any signs of movement. I looked back and forth between his face and crotch. My hand felt the moisture of the sweaty groin. As my fingertips reached the fabric of the damp jock, I traced them over the top and rested my palm gently atop Dad's shaft and nuts. Clear liquid seeped from the tip of my own dick and darkened the front of my soccer shorts. I lightly pressed down my hand on my father's crotch and felt the spring of flesh. I closed my eyes as I ran my hand along the outline of the cock. Even soft, it was large. I moved my hand and cautiously worked it beneath the material. I was touching my Dad's cock. *No*, a Marine's cock. It just happened to be my father. I had my hand on another man's dick for the first time in my life; something I'd never thought about with any seriousness until the other night as I'd watched him shoot his load in front of me.

Suddenly, he moved the hand that had been resting quietly on his chiseled stomach down to his crotch. His hand was now pressing *my* hand harder onto his dick. There was no time to react. My heart leapt into my throat. I inhaled deeply and bit my lip. My hand trembled slightly. I stared at the Marine's face. He was still sound asleep.

I felt it in my moist palm as the soldier's cock began to swell with blood. This had gone too far. There wasn't room for a hard dick *and* my hand in that pouch. Very gently, I made my retreat. Slowly, I pulled my fingers from inside the opening. Just as I was nearly free of danger, I felt my skin catching and pulling the flesh of the hardening military dick. The sweat from my trapped hand had stuck to the foreskin and was now pulling it out the side opening of the jock.

"Oh shit," I mouthed silently. One at a time, I raised my fingers, detaching the dick from my grip. Dad rubbed his hand across the front of his shorts. His dick hung exposed across his inner thigh as it continued to harden. I watched as the veins became more prominent. It was bigger now than it had been in the shower. I looked down at the straining cock; the swollen head just partially visible from its sheath. I brought my hand to my face and inhaled the intoxicating aroma. I licked my open palm, searching for any lingering remains that would allow me to know what cock tasted like, to taste another man's sweat.

I wanted to touch it again. I wanted to wrap my fingers around that cock. I had come this far; why turn back? Watching for any signs of awakening, I reached out, trembling, and touched the engorged cock again. I deftly lifted it from its passive position and encircled it with my fingers. It pulsed in my hot hand.



I watched it swell as the blood coursed through the tip before encompassing it in my grip and squeezing. It grew harder still. I slid my hand upward and slid the foreskin to the tip of the rigid shaft. The skin moved so easily. After several consistent strokes, a drop of precum glistened on the head. I touched my thumb to the liquid. Sliding my hand entirely off the sleeping soldier's body, I brought the drop to my mouth and flicked my tongue across it.

I could take no more. As I stared at the now fully hard, seven-plus inch dick, I loosened the drawstring on my shorts, shoved them under my swollen nuts and began to jack my own hot, pulsing cock. I imagined bending and taking the

head of the Marine's shaft in my mouth, engulfing it with my lips, running my tongue over every inch of it and swallowing it deep into my throat. My Dad resumed, on his own, where I had left off. He was gripping his own cock as he slept, squeezing the shaft, forcing the head to bulge out slightly from the foreskin. Eventually he began milking and pulling on his meat, his hand moving quicker, his fingers slick in the ooze of pre-jizz that slid from his cock tip.

I stood over him furiously beating off. My dick was not as long or as thick as Dad's, but there was no denying we were cut from the same cloth. I slathered the lube that gushed from my swollen head down the sides of my meat. I pounded my fist down my thick shaft. It slid smoothly between my tightened fingers. In my mind I forced apart the soldier's teeth and raped his mouth with my tongue. I sucked the wet lips into my own. I bit the whiskered chin. I rubbed my tender flesh across the Lieutenant's razor-stubbled face.

"Suck my cock, motherfucker. Suck it," I imagined myself saying. I pressed my leg against my Dad's. I shivered as my blood surged with every beat of my heart. I thrust over the soldier lying asleep below me. With each stroke, my cock grew bigger and harder. With one final pump, I felt the hot cum surge. I bit down on the inside of my mouth as the first blast hit the air.

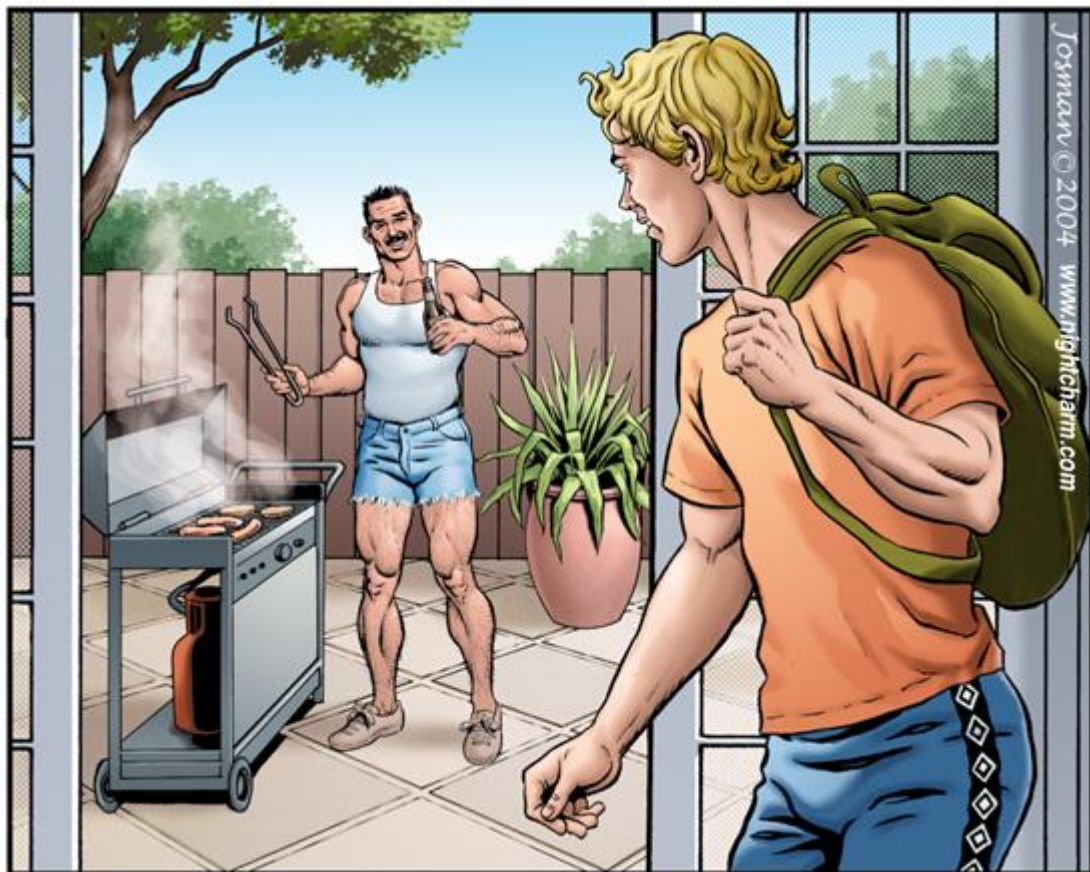


I managed to deflect the cumshot with my fingers and spun away from the sofa. The first spray dripped from my fingers as the remainder of my load blew onto the carpet. I forced, through gritted teeth, a controlled, pleasurable moan in the form of a stream of hot breath. It was barely audible. I looked over my shoulder in fear as I heard the sounds of shifting from behind me. "Christ!" I thought. I froze. How could I explain this? I couldn't. The evidence was too obvious. My dick was still erect and exposed; creamy strings of jism webbed my fingers. My face felt red-hot and damp. I prayed and waited. Nothing. I pulled my shorts back up, my dick slowly deflating, and quietly

walked upstairs. On the top step, I turned and looked again at my father, who had repositioned himself on the couch, but remained deep in sleep.

PART FOUR

The Smoke rose from the grill, on the patio as the juice from the steaks dripped onto the burning coals. The smell of charcoal fluid and meat greeted Heath when he opened the front door. He looked out onto the patio where his dad, in cut-offs and a ribbed, tank T-shirt, stood watch over the grill. He alternated between swigging from the longneck bottle of beer in his left hand, and poking at the embers with the tongs in his right. Dropping his equipment by the door, Heath wandered onto the patio. "Smells good."



"Hey, there you are. Yeah, they do don't they?"

"I'll be right back. I'm gonna go shower real quick."

"Okay, but hurry up. They're almost done."

Heath stripped off his clothes and turned on the shower. He walked over to the window and looked down onto the backyard. He could see his dad rubbing his hand back and forth across his abdomen. From above, the Marine's shoulders looked even broader and more muscled. Heath felt movement in his

dick. He looked down between his legs and watched as his cock slightly inflated. Taking it in his hand he tugged on it slowly. It began to rise into the air. "Okay, just shower. You don't have time to jerk off," he said aloud to himself. Under the jets of the warm water he vigorously ran the bar of soap across his chest and under his arms, removing the sweat and dirt from the afternoon scrimmage. He lowered his hands to his still erect cock. He slid his encircled fingers up and down the shaft. They slid smoothly across his skin. He lifted his nuts, lathering them with suds. Bowing his legs, he reached further and ran a soapy finger over his anus. As he ran his finger across the opening he felt it open slightly with each touch. He closed his eyes. He moved his hand back to his dick and began to fuck his fist.

"Okay, hurry up! Dinner's ready!" his dad yelled through the crack of the bathroom door.

"Ouch," Heath said as the soap fell out of his hand and onto his toe. His dad's voice had surprised him.

"I'll be right down."



On the other side of the door, John peeked through the crack into the mirror. "You okay?"

His son's blurred profile was outlined in the mirror.

"Yes. Fine," Heath replied nervously, quickly turning into the corner of the shower to hide his erection. He didn't need to get caught again.

"Okay. Well, come on."

Heath toweled off quickly, dressing in pair of boxers and sweatshorts. As he walked through the patio door, his dad handed him a beer. "Happy Birthday!"

"What's this for?"

"To drink."

"Seriously?" Heath asked.

"Well, yeah. It's a special occasion."

"Cool. Thanks." Heath put the bottle to his mouth. Swallowing the first mouthful, he winced and made a face.

"Mmm, good stuff." He looked at his dad and watched him chuckle.

"It's dark beer. Takes a while to get used to."

Heath lifted the bottle again, determined to acquire a taste for the brew. Father and son sat on the patio as the sun descended over the edge of the California coastline. The sky changed from a majestic purple hue to black as the pair had their first meaningful talk since the accident; for that matter, for the first time ever.

"Have you ever thought about remarrying, Dad?"

John stared at the sweat-covered bottle in his hand in silence. "I still haven't stopped missing Mom yet. But, yeah, there are a lot of things I miss. A lot," he said.

"Like?" Heath asked quietly, swigging his beer before leaning his head back against the cushion of the deck chair and staring at the blurry stars overhead.

"Like having someone to talk to, to share things with. Feeling someone in the bed." His voice trailed off into a whisper. The two sat quietly. Heath was thinking about the empty bed issue. He had thought recently about how he'd like to crawl into bed with his dad and sleep with him just to feel the heat of his body pulled up against his. It was the liquor talking. And its 'truth soup' effect was too strong.

"Dad," he said nervously, fearing what might come from what he was about to bring up, "I know you told me not to talk about this again, but that night -- in the kitchen?"

No response.

"I'm sorry about what happened. I couldn't help it though. I mean, I'd never," he strongly emphasized, "ever thought about another guy before, but seeing you there. Man, it was too much. Dad?" He had expected some reaction by now. He turned his dizzying head to the side in the direction of his of pop. John Soldano sat in his cushioned metal chair, chin lodged against his right shoulder. Too much beer, too much heat.

"Pop? Pop? Aw, man." Heath got up and shook his dad, to no avail.

Heath opened the patio door, walked back to his dad and hoisted him from his seat. "Come on. Make this easy on me."

Placing his shoulder under his dad's arm, he struggled to lead him into the house. Carting his dad up the steps was out of the question. Father and son veered across the living room to the couch. Heath laid his dad out on the

cushions, then sat in the chair next to the sofa under the soft glow of a solitary overhead light. He had a good buzz going.

He watched, through beer goggles, his father's motionless torso. Heath's cock moved in his shorts. He put his hand on his lap and pressed his palm onto it. He moved his hand down the length of his growing shaft, maneuvering it so it pointed up. His inhibitions were low, very low.

He got up from his seat and lowered himself to his knees, crawling across the plush carpet to the couch. He peered his eyes over the edge of the sofa, cautiously rising. He placed his hand on his father's forehead and brushed the bangs backward with his fingers. There was no movement. Several times he whispered into his dad's ear, but nothing. Keeping his attention on the Marine's face, Heath placed his hand on the soldier's chest. He gripped the firm pecs softly in his hand. Through the white cotton he could feel the point of hardened nipples. Lightly he swept the left tit under the tip of his finger. He took it between his fingers in a vise-like manner, pinching it. He felt his own nipples harden. He reached his free hand up to his own chest and grabbed his tit. His skin tingled. He leaned his head back and savored the gratification he felt. Heath bent over, removed his hand and replaced it with his lips. He sucked on the cotton. It was dry but soon dampened with his saliva. He lifted his mouth away from the tank and could see the brown areola faintly through the material. His cock surged against his abdomen.

His hands fumbled with the drawstring of his shorts. He stood, put his thumbs in his waistband, and slid his shorts and boxers to his ankles before kicking them off to the side. Naked, he returned to his kneeling position. He took his cock in his left hand and squeezed it firmly, milking drops of precum on the thick head. He smoothed the liquid down the shaft of his cock and stroked it as he reached his right hand up to the button of his dad's faded denim shorts. Unable to undo the snap with one hand, he stopped his jack off session.

With both hands in motion, he quickly opened the jeans and partially unzipped the fly with the greatest delicacy. His dad still had not moved. He was out for the count, it seemed to Heath.

Reaching his hands smoothly into the opening, he untucked the tank top from the shorts. It fit snugly against his dad's body. With trembling hands, he peeled the fabric upward over the heaving chest an inch at a time. He took in the sight of the hairy abs as they revealed themselves to him. Again he leaned forward. He extended his tongue from between his lips and placed it against the tanned skin. He broadened his tongue and ran it up from the soldier's side across his flat stomach. It tasted incredible. Heath couldn't believe how turned on he was.

With a light kiss, he removed his mouth and continued to lift the shirt. With the shirt up to his dad's neck, Heath stopped. He looked at the delicious feast before him. Thick, dark hair blanketed the rugged torso. It lay smoothly against his skin. It all flowed downward, where it disappeared beneath the top of the Levis. His pecs rose above the rest of his body, solid from years of training. They looked very natural, as though he'd never lifted a barbell in his life, which in fact was almost true. Lowering his head, Heath kissed the nipple closest to him. Pulling away, he looked at the ring of saliva his lips had left. He looked again at his dad -- still asleep. He bent and took the tit between his lips and nursed on it, sucking the flesh into his mouth. He put his hand back on his dick, slowly fingering it. His wet tongue darted back and forth across the end of the nipple. It glistened beneath the saliva.

Heath put his other hand on the far nipple and rubbed it gently. He swirled his hand across the hairy flesh, watching as he did so. He moved his hand down across the Marine's abs. He righted himself and skootched across the floor to his left. He moved his hand further down the taut stomach until he reached the top of the shorts. Taking his hand off of his cock, he tugged at the zipper. He ran his left hand up the tender flesh of the soldier's leg. His right hand crept into the opening at the top. Following the trail of hair into the shorts, his fingers met no resistance. His dad was not wearing briefs.

The hair thickened as he progressed further until he felt the tangle of pubic hair. His left hand moved upward, guided by the heat radiating from within. Heath's hand brushed against the hardness of his dad's uncut cock. Gently, Heath pushed the meat upward until he could feel it touch his other hand. Hooking his fingers around it, he eased it forward until it stuck straight up, the uncut head visible through the gap in the fly.

Heath grew very nervous. He had gone too far. He needed to stop. He leaned back onto his heels. Precum flowed from his rigid shaft. A string hung precariously from the head, dangled briefly in mid-air before lengthening and snapping. It landed onto the carpet. He stood. His hands went to the legs of the Marine's shorts. Wriggling them back and forth they slipped over the soldier's muscular ass. Heath watched as two, three inches of the hard cock appeared. Once over his butt, the jean shorts pulled easily down the muscular legs and over his feet. Heath draped them over the back of the sofa. His father lay naked before him.

Heath moved back to the soldier's side. Bowing his face over his dad's crotch, he stared inquisitively and hungrily at the thick cock just inches from his mouth. He moved his head down the dark brown, low hanging sac. Placing his hand underneath it he hefted it in his palm. He explored the smoothness of it, the small, purple veins. He released the nuts from his hand and brought his

hand to his nose. The smell of musk and sweat was intoxicating. Goosebumps appeared on his arms and legs. Again he leaned forward. He put his face very close to his dad's cock, close enough that he could smell the manliness and feel the heat against his cheek. He followed the cock from the base, at the top of his nuts, to the tip, where half an inch of the head rose out of the foreskin. Easing forward, he put his tongue on the exposed head. The taste was bitter. He bobbed his mouth on and off of it. He looked to make sure his dad was still out, before lifting the cock away from his body.

Heath parted his lips and tentatively hovered over the cockhead. He counted to three, shut his eyes and lowered his mouth, taking the swollen shaft inside. He wrapped his lips around the flesh and worked back toward the head, enjoying the taste of a man's dick as it receded from his the confines of his hot, juicy mouth.



Reaching the head, he slid down the shaft once more, this time sliding back the skin and revealing the entire head. He took an inch more than the previous time before sliding off. He eyed the flared head momentarily, then sucked it into his eager mouth. His tongue found the slit and tasted the precum that oozed forth. He pulled off. Milking the shaft, another glint of lubricant appeared on the head. Heath licked at it with his tongue. He was so turned on now that even if the man awoke he would continue with his actions.

Holding the cock at the base, Heath again took it into his mouth and began a steady suction on it, working it from midshaft to the head and back again. He put his hand on his cock and jerked it furiously. He assaulted the Marine's cock with his mouth. His golden blond hair fell into his eyes as he sucked the

meat in a rhythmic fashion. He swallowed the precum as if fell onto his tongue. In his mouth the Marine's cock swelled. Heath stuck one of his fingers into his mouth, coating it with saliva. He reached behind himself and located his asshole. He rubbed the mixture of spit and precum over the opening. His body was flooded with new sensations. He sucked harder on the Marine's cock. With his eyes closed, he felt something different. He opened his eyes to see that the Marine was ever so gently lifting his hips. Heath slowed down and watched the cock still continue to poke into his mouth. His dad was getting off on it, consciously or not.

The new revelation fueled Heath's hunger. He brought the finger that was working his ass back up to his mouth. Without releasing the cock from between his lips he dripped saliva onto the fingertip. Moving his hand between the soldier's tight ass, he swept it up the crevice between his cheeks and located the hairy opening of his anus. He pressed against it with his wet finger, massaging it. The Marine legs parted slightly.

Heath froze.

Releasing his grip on hot cock in his mouth, he turned his head slightly to the right. John Soldano had turned his head but his face was still relaxed. He was still asleep. Heath's heart felt as though it would burst in his chest. He paused to recompose himself before continuing to suck off the Marine. He brought the finger back to his mouth, wetted it, and returned to stimulating the opening. His finger probed in slightly, beyond the tight ring of muscle. Again the hips rose, grinding upward. Heath began to jerk the base of the cock upward as he lowered his lips on the thick shaft. With every suck the cock grew larger in the depth of his throat.

His own cock was in agony. Heath pulled his left hand from the soldier's butt and worked the shaft with it. He seized his own throbbing meat with his right and jerked it furiously.

He felt the Marine's dick begin to pulsate in his mouth as he felt the cum in his own nuts begin to boil. He pressed his lips tightly around the guy's cock. As he lowered his mouth, he felt the veins surge. The cum shot forth against the back of his throat. He pulled his mouth away and let the cum shoot across his face, splash after splash. The warm liquid landed on his cheeks and tongue like raindrops.



Heath grunted and rocked onto his heels as his balls tightened, seconds before his own dick blasted streams of cum high into the air before arching and landing on his chest and shoulders. His body twitched in ecstasy. The cum rolled down his chest onto his stomach. He brought his hand to mouth and licked the jizz , swirling it in his mouth with the Marine's.

John Soldano peered hazily from beneath his heavy eyelids at his son, who was rubbing his palms across his pale, smooth stomach, then drifted back to sleep.

The End